

HISTORICAL PAPER.

A Trip to California and Other Interesting Places.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Saw three ladies or women riding hurriedly across the plains as we were nearing the Mexico line. Conditions are pretty much the same, only we were especially attracted to what I call tablelands. There were mountains and recesses and then mountains again. The scenery along the line of this mountain range is certainly something to be admired. We then ran up to Albuquerque. Here our party divided. Katie, Jennie and myself got off. The crowd headed for Kentucky. We had a nice lay-over and rest here of six hours. We were on the train again waiting for a start to Vaughan, N. M. So we moved on down the line and ran into Belen, and here we changed cars again at 10 o'clock, p. m., and at 4:30 o'clock we were told all off for Vaughan. So we gathered our grips and was off. Here we met Mr. Ernest Jeffries with his auto waiting for us. In a few minutes we were in his home. We were urged to retire and take a needed rest which we did and felt better. Up next morning and had breakfast. Mr. Jeffries came around with his auto and took us out to see the country. Some very beautiful country, indeed. The land is a little inclined to be rolling, while there are some beautiful valleys. The thing most needed in this country is water. Cattle and sheep looked well. After the tour of the country we went to what they called a sheep dip. It might be well for me to explain exactly what it is or what it takes to be considered a dip. I call it a plunge and a swimming trough. Now I will first tell you what they have and then how they have it. They have a ditch or trench seventy-five to one hundred feet long, five or six feet deep, about two feet wide and almost filled with water as hot as the sheep can bear it. Sulphur and other solutions are put in so that all ticks, lice and other things may be eradicated. Now I will tell how they dip. They have pens well arranged for the business and at one end of this ditch, if you please, they have a pen running down to it, narrowed down to the space of admitting one sheep at a time, and here a man stands and heads them in just about as fast as you would want to count them and in evidence of this will say, they put through from ten to twelve thousand per day. Mr. Jeffries told me that there was to be two hundred and fifty thousand dipped at this dipping station this year. One thing I failed to tell you. It takes forty Mexicans to do this work. I suppose forty white men could do the same work if they were there, but Mexicans are all the

go. To watch this dipping or swimming is sure a show. The Mexicans are lined up all along the ditch with hooks and forks to keep the sheep going rapidly along and in the event that the man who pitches them in fails to put them under all over a Mexican with a fork puts him under. Some of the sheep swim hurriedly on while others refuse to go and then it is he is caught with a hook around the neck and hurriedly dragged through. Just here night came upon us and we had to go to town and there we learned that the Sheriff had just come in with a young Mexican who had stolen five horses from a man just outside of the town. It was no trouble to notice the excitement. There was talk that the Mexicans would try to liberate him from the Sheriff, while on the other hand it was being silently whispered around that he would look up a limb before the rising of another sun. However, he was guarded and kept. Now it was Friday morning, Aug. 20th, and Mr. Jeffries and myself went down to town to hear the trial of the horse thief. He was found guilty, and placed under a two thousand dollar bond all of which he could not give and the Sheriff and guards hurried out of town and on to the county jail.

We then took another outing to the country, looked over the lands. Out here two miles from Vaughan, Jennie filed a claim on three hundred and twenty acres of land.

Again we were ready to start for Kentucky at 8:00 Saturday morning. Mr. Jeffries and his wife got their auto and took us over to the station. Good byes were said, and we were gone. The first station was Clovas, a very nice little town, then Mexico, Herford, Armarilla, Whitefield, and other stations. Then into the Panhandle country. Here we saw a quantity of wheat. Much of it was still in the shock. You could see as many as five or six threshing machines running at one sight. You could not help but admire the hustle and get-up those people have. We went on down to Miami, Canadian and other places. Here we found a broken and altogether a different country to the Panhandle. We then ran into Wellington, Kans., Kansas City, Independence, the good part of Kansas. We saw more and better corn than any where else in the West. We also passed through Belknap after night and other places we could not see. Then we went on toward St. Louis and the nearer we got the more anxious we were as we already had learned of the recent floods and the washouts that had been reported. While

in conversation with a man on the train he said to me: "I will show you just down the road here where a train rolled off the track yesterday," and so he did. The train had been moved, however, but it was no trouble to tell where it had been. The cause was, the fill had been so soaked with water that when the train came along the track tilted and the train turned over and the sight of this was not expected to lessen our anxiety. So here night came on us with water every where most, especially as far as you could see. The water was standing several feet deep in the low lands. Now all out for St. Louis! Here we had an hour's lay-over and then we took a train supposed to go to Louisville, but not settled which way we would go, but after a run of about two hours, we came to a standstill, and after a while we started backward and continued this for some time and finally I went to a man and asked him what all this meant, and he said our track was washed out and we were being snaked backward away up here near Ashley, Ill. So we found out later that there had been about three-fourths of a mile of our track washed out sure enough, and so here I am requested to say this was the cause of the round-about way. And here I will tell you that we were due in Louisville at 7:35 o'clock a. m. Instead of getting there on time which we so much desired to do, we got in at 1:20, p. m.

As I have before said: we had desired to get to Louisville on time. It meant much to us on account of our other trips which we proposed to make you remember that this is Monday, August the 23rd, at three o'clock and forty minutes p. m. I now leave Jennie and Katie in Louisville and am off for Indianapolis, Ind. Again I cross the Ohio river and across a good part of the Hoosier state I ran into Indianapolis about night. I hurry up town, catch a Michigan car for Gladstone Avenue, landed safely, walked up street found daughter and family at supper table. Yes seemed glad to see me, had me come in and sup with them. And now to make a long story short, will say I have been here near a week, have had several nice outings, viewing the city. I must say that Indianapolis is one of the cleanest and nicest cities I have been in. I was out one day in the Eastern part of the city and was shown the home of the late Benjamin Harrison, Tom Taggart, Vice President Marshal Fairbanks and others. At this time I get a letter from home saying that Jennie and Katie reached home Monday night at twelve o'clock p. m., the same evening that I left them in Louisville, and I suppose they are now like the rest of the Crutcher party, kept busy answering questions about the trip, and now time is moving on, and so must I. I am up at two o'clock a. m., Sept., the 3rd, and am ready for trip home. Catch

interurban on East Washington for the depot, and catch a train out for Louisville. Nothing to mar the pleasure of this trip and we ran into Union Station—10th & Broadway, at 8 o'clock a. m. Here we only had a few minutes to wait, then we boarded a train for Lebanon. This distance was soon run, and the cry came, "all out for Lebanon." Well some of us got off, especially those of us who were headed for Campbellsville and Columbia. Will say just here that the patience of Job would have been tested as some of you already know they have a mixed train, and whether it was too much mixed or not enough mixed to start, I will never know, but will say it was not long before it drew up on the track, and we thought sure we soon would be gone, but here we stood, walked and talked and wondered why the thing did not burst open or take wings and fly, but time gradually wore on, our patience to test. I suppose something happened, they started up the road their best, and after they had gone a short distance, I don't know why, they came to a standstill and some one said, "we are on the Y," so I got impatient just like a fellow will, but we finally got straightened out, and are now headed for Campbellsville. We are going down grade—just coasting along at will, have a high trestle to cross and then into Muldraugh's hill—into the tunnel we go, just as dark as midnight. We travel on an on and finally come to light. Now well do I remember, as soon as I could see the conductor rushed in and said, all out for Calvary, and here we make a stop for about one hour. They unloaded a box and about twelve sacks of flour. I was getting pretty warm—no danger that I would freeze, and having

some sensations like I would sneeze, and just here don't you know the train begins to blow. Now the conductor came through the train and said, "Campbellsville is the next station, it is just ahead.

So I raised up the window And out I began to look It was not long until I saw coming one Mr. Cook. He is Mr. Myers, "Shaffer" Who runs the mail automobile. I hurried out to meet him You don't know how good I did feel, And after a few moments spent Straight to the auto I went. Only a few friends did I meet. Was in such a hurry to get a seat And when seated I felt good I then saw Cook coming, I knew he would Its all over but a twenty mile ride Cook says we will start when he gets his sacks tied. And around the corners and across the dell We are on the road I know so well. The road is in good condition And the autoing is just fine. I believe I had told you before We were one and one-half hours behind. We cross green river on a bridge Climb the hill and get on a ridge And here there was no time spent We hurry right on by the monument. And now we leave Taylor county And enter into old Adair, We now pass the noted springs, Many compliments when you are there. Here, we stop at Coburg, To distribute just a little mail, I drew a bucket of water, And again we set sail. We are already through Cane Valley, And out on the ridge. Now we pass William Butlers The next is Cheatham Bridge. And now Dear Crutcher party, As I enter my cottage door I go back over the many miles And wish I could see them once more. But such a wish is all in vain, Knowing now I never will again— The only thing now to do Is to remember the past and move on through We are spending a life here below And making history as we go. Every move and every step By some one will be actively kept. And when the evidence is all in And nothing more can be said. Will we then a new life begin? Or will we just be dead. W. T. McFarland.

The end.

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